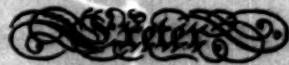


ODE

TO

MAJOR-GENERAL SIMCOE.



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ODE

ODE

MAJOR GEN. W. SIMCOCK

MAJOR GEN. W. SIMCOCK, once again the Man

of the day, that we have

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ODE.

YET SIMCOE! once again the Muse

Striking her lyre, shall not refuse

Thy classic mind to charm;

The bending toward the vale of years,

Her Votary feels no chilling fears,

With genuine ardour warm.

The cause which urges on thy feet
 Stern Danger's threatening frown to meet
 Is grateful to my heart ;
 No kindred blood shall now bedew
 The wreath of ever-virid hue
 Which Glory may impart.

On yonder cliffs with orient dyes
 Empurpled, see ! the Brave, the Wife,
 From Heavenly realms of light,
 Our country's boast in days of old,
 Lift their protecting shields of gold
 And call thee to the fight !

Those who debell'd Oppression's reign,
 Those who unloosed the mental chain,
 Or graced Religion's shrine ;
 All, who their Britain strove to raise
 Above the wing of vulgar praise,
 To teach, adorn, refine.

All, who young Liberty uprear'd,
 Till in full splendour She appear'd
 Triumphant o'er the waves;
 Or till, as now, She takes her stand,
 Avenger of each injured land
 Against an Host of Slaves.

With dauntless mien, and ardent eye,
 Who from their glittering files draws nigh?
 Heroic WOLFE confest
 Moves on with animated tread,
 With worth unblench'd erects his head,
 And shakes his laurel crest.

He speaks—" Hail Thou! Congenial Soul!
 " By my example Honour's goal
 " Impatient to attain;
 " The spot I press'd, by victory crown'd,
 " While British Legions shouted round,
 " Thou hast not seen in vain.

" No;

" No ; let Barbarian Myriads strive
 " Forth rushing from their Gallic hive
 " To seize thy chosen shore ;
 " Danmonia with exulting pride
 " Bids thee her Sons to battle guide,
 " And fate with hostile gore.

" But why await the coming Foe ?
 " Why not anticipate the blow ?
 " Will not some Statesman, held
 " No more in chains of weak defence,
 " Oppose careering insolence
 " Upon the *Seine* or *Scheld* ?

" Thither the British terrors bear ;
 " Warrior ! behold thy proper sphere ;
 " As when on *Abram's* height
 " By gloomiest perils undismay'd
 " My daring Troops *MONT-CALM* survey'd,
 " Astonish'd at the fight.

" Deeds

" Deeds of uncommon strain require
 " The vigorous nerve and soul of fire ;
 " Go Thou, secure of fame,
 " While in thy breast my spirit swells,
 " While all this Patriot Band impells,
 " And Virtue's purest flame."

H. D.

Henry Henry Drury

Exeter, March 19, 1798.